Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to returne me
To this submission. Yet I will remember
The favors of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Iudas* did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King: will no man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven doe thinke him me.
To doe what service, am I sent for hither?

Yor. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Majesty did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cosin, seize the Crown:
Here Cosin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, unseene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilst you mount up on high.

Bul. I thought you had beene willing to resigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.

Bul. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.

Rich. Your Cares set up, doe not pluck my Cares down.
My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay.

Bul. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

Rich. I, no; no, I: for I must nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.

Now,

Now, marke me how I will
I give this heauy weight from
And this unwieldy Scepter fr
The pride of Kingly sway fro
With mine owne Teares I wa
With mine owne hands I give
With mine owne Tongue den
With mine owne breath releas
All pompe and Maiesty I doe
My Mannors, Rents, Revenew
My Acts, Decrees, and Statute
God pardon all Oathes that a
God keepe all vowes unbroke
Make me, that nothing have, w
And thou withall pleas'd, that
Long mayst thou live in *Rich*
And soone lie *Richard* in an ea
God save King *Henry*, un-king
And send him many yeares of
What more remaines?

Nor. No more; but that
These Accusations, and these
Committed by your person, a
Against the state, and profit o
That by confessing them, the
May deeme, that you are wo

Rich. Must I doe so? and n
My weav'd-up follyes? Gentle
If thy Offences were upon Re
Would it not shame thee in
To reade a Lecture of them?
There should'st thou find on
Containing the deposing of a
And cracking the strong warr
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd
Nay, all of you that stand an
Whil'st that my wretchedne
Though some of you, with *P*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)